

Cap and Bells.

North Carolina proposes to introduce the bell punch for registering votes at elections. The popular song will be—

When he receives a vote the inspector
Will punch in the presence of the electors,

A hem, check slip for a white votare,
 A Ren, check slip for a black nigro,
 An Ind, check slip for a bold votare,
 All in the presence of the electore.
 —New York World

And if the head of the electore
 Should be covered with wool instead of hair,
 And he votes Republican fair and square,
 The inspectors shall at once prepare
 To punch the head of the electore
 That is covered with wool instead of hair.
 —Philadelphia Bulletin

He said he rather guessed he knew how
 sail a boat—but the gentle zephyrs that kiss
 the wavelets o'er his watery grave mournful
 whisper, "He luffed not wisely."

There is a loud call on Eli Perkins to imitate

that Illinois lecturer who blew his brains out as a part of his entertainment. Of course the fellow can't be so stupid as to blow out his brains, but he can't be so stupid as to blow out any more brains than he has got. It is the pantomime the people want to see.—*Washington Post.*

Then there is the Sunday morning fly. It is not shown why he should be so much more than the other fly—in fact, it is not shown why he should be there at all. It is not shown why there is no fact so apparent in this dog-eat-dog selfishness and stinkiness as that of his expensiveness. A man never puts forth so extraordinary effort to make both ends meet as when he is a Sunday morning fly. It is not shown why he has the shrillest voice of any insect that has the shrillest voice, or why he has the hottest foot and the longest teeth. He has a cyanide popper on legs. He is a typhoon with a tail. He is a cyclone. He is a hurricane. On Sunday morning fly, a beast that gains your ear.

Some of these beautiful evenings a man with a wilted collar and a sprinkled coat will manifest an old fashioned bit of profanity between his teeth; he will scold swiftly across the street; he will pick up the child that is manipulating the tinny whistle, and he will twist his head around five times; he will jam his foot into a hole in the fence and kick his whole body through after it; and then the boy will learn that it is not right nor safe to give his eyes into the eye of a tractor while he sprinkles the streets, the sidewalk and the citizens indiscriminately and ineffectually. And we do not advocate the recognition of the old time as a thing to be copied, but these are revolutionary times, and the terror of the old time people is restless and unsafe. —*Burlington News*

He was showing the man the new bay mare that he was working in a team with the old gray. "You want him, the sound, and perfect kind and gentle?" the man said. "Perfectly sound and gentle," said Farmer John. "I'll take that Farmer John." "My wife will be a good drive him, and he is a perfect pet. Come in the house like a dog." "Easy to shoe?" he asked the man. "Well, I guess so; fact is I never had him shod, I don't believe in it; he would be better without it," said Farmer John. "How do you mean?" asked the man. "The crupper on the hind end," said Farmer John. "I never asked the man," "who does put it on?" "Well, pretty good, I guess," he said; "fact is I never put it on." "How does he get it on or off?" asked the man; "who does put it on?" "Well, I kind of don't know," said Farmer John. "Fact is, he had the harness on when I got him

kind of contented in it, like, that I sort of nev-
er took it off'n him." "And how long have you
had him?" asked the man. Farmer John
chewed a wheat straw very meditatively
and said, "Well," "not to exceed more'n a
year, maybe." The man then barked a little
further away, and said he would "sort of re-
round a little farther before he bought, like, and
And Farmer John never saw him again, not
even unto this day.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

[By W. G.]
A Tour to the Rangeley Lakes.

Notes by the Way—History of the Original
Proprietor whose Name is Perpetuated
by the Township and Lakes.

My last left us in the stage coach, between Farmington and Phillips. A striking object in the western landscape is "Mount Blue," named at the time of its deep shadows. It is about 3000 feet high and said to be the first land seen in approaching the coast under clear weather. It is in the adjoining town of Avera. There are patches of grey clouds rolling up its sides with the northwest wind. On the other hand is a range of mountains in New York which in fact is a stone post by the roadside on which is a stone peg of a doctor and tumbler, with date of July 18, 1864, marks the spot and is the only epitaph of departed liquor shop. Most of those institutions have passed away in Maine and left no sign, except the blight they left on the health of the people.

Our customers. We soon crossed the sandy river on a bridge of tree trunks, arches, and the mountain rose above the brink of the river, which we see rambling on the opposite shore. The road lay below. An old willow is pointed out where an Indian for many years had his lone wigwag on the shore. Strong's attachment to his church and its rites that alone he carried the body of N. H. to land by land and water, to Canada for burial.

We now approach a suspension bridge leading to "Strong," so named in honor of Governor Strong of Massachusetts, who signed the act of incorporation in 1891. Our road is not over the bridge but up the west bank. We find a small station where the train crosses the main for the mail from the head of the down trip the stage makes a detour of a mile over the bridge to the village, post office

and return. The people of Sitong lost the bridge repeatedly by freshets, and about two years ago determined to have a permanent bridge. They spent a year in building it, and on each side of about three inches in diameter composed of untwisted wire, bound together every three feet. This bridge is high enough to be safe from any freshet. The structure is creditable to the public spirit of the region, and the energy with which the mountainous people are able to do their work. It is still so situated that it is liable to be blown down now turned to ruin, and the two young ladies on top behind the driver, shake out and do up their rubber waterproofs, and draw on their hoods. One comes down to the vacant seat next to her, and the other refuses to leave her elevated seat with her husband, and declares that she is quite comfortable.

change horses. A large lantern lightened the road under the driver's footboard, which lights the road several rods ahead, and Ellis puts his feet restlessly along with fearful speed, considering the steep descent. He has his foot on the powerful brake but proves to be unable to stop. The coach in case of accident, in any situation, we see his wheels at times go uncomfortably near the edge of the precipice, but he knows the road and his team, and dashes on with confidence, which he soon imparts to our confidence. The coach is a fine specimen of a sleepy or mugged ride. Passengers declare that the stage ride is a positive relief after a day's all-day riding. The coach is a fine specimen of a stage coach, and the driver is a fine specimen of a driver. We arrived at the Barton House, Phillips, where we found a comfortable room, and a fine specimen of a stage coach, and the driver is a fine specimen of a driver.

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its Spanish original. On this route the stage waits at the post office for the mail to be newly made up, and we see the usual gathering at country offices waiting for the news. After toiling up a hill of several miles, the driver draws up to rest his horse, and to give us a view of the mountains, the highest of which is "Mount Abraham" at the north, wooded to its summit, on which rests a turban like cloud. Its name brings before us the story of the faith-

